

STO

**FRIENDS
OF ACPL**

BIRD IN THE BUSH

bird in the bush

BW400117

J811

H15

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Fort Wayne and Allen County, Ind.

EXTRACTS FROM RULES

A fine of two cents a day shall be paid on each volume not returned when book is due. Injuries to books, and losses must be made good. Card holders must promptly notify the Librarian of change of residence under penalty of forfeiture of card.

EXTRACT FROM
STATE LAW

Whoever shall wilfully or mischievously, cut, mark, mutilate, write in or upon, or otherwise deface any book, magazine, newspaper, or other property of any library organized under the laws of this state, shall be fined not less than ten dollars nor more than one hundred dollars.

Acme Library Card Pocket

KEEP YOUR CARD IN THIS POCKET

LIBRARY BUREAU CAT. NO. 1163

DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS FROM POCKET

JU.S

STO

**FRIENDS
OF ACPL**

BIRD IN THE BUSH



Grace Taber Hallock

HAS ALSO WRITTEN

THE BOY WHO WAS

"It is a complete and rare joy to find a book that appreciates the dignity of children, telling at the same time stories to interest and teach them and awaken their imaginations to beauty as well as adventure."
—*The New York World*.

"Imaginative, picturesque, graceful and colorful are these tales of a boy, half real, half sprite, a bit fantastic and wholly lovable, whom the narrative represents as leading an artist up on the hillside high above Ravello, in Sorrento, Italy, and there recreating for his new friend scenes from history and legend that had taken place thereabout through hundreds and thousands of years. The stories ought to appeal strongly to imaginative and thoughtful boys and girls of rather mature mentality."—*The New York Times*.

"The story of a goatherd boy who lives immortally in the old town of Ravello, Italy. Each chapter deals with a separate period in history, but the same boy is the chief character throughout. The chapters that picture the Children's Crusade and the destruction of Pompeii are not soon to be forgotten. Harrie Wood's drawings, in color and black and white, are exceptionally fine."—*John Martin's Book*.

Illustrated by Harrie Wood

PETERSHAM'S HILL

Illustrated by Harrie Wood

Published by E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

BIRD IN THE BUSH

VERSES AND PICTURE MAPS

By GRACE TABER HALLOCK

E. P. DUTTON & CO. INC. NEW YORK : MCMXXX

J811
H15

BIRD IN THE BUSH, COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY
E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC. :: ALL RIGHTS
RESERVED :: PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.





THE CONTENTS OF YOUR BOOK

B W 400117

	PAGE
THE WOODS IN SPRING	2
GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN IN SPRING	6
THE BIG POND	10
THE LANE IN JUNE	14
THE MEADOW IN SUMMER	18
GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN IN SUMMER	22
THE WIDE RIVER	26
CROSS-LOTS AT DUSK	30
THE ORCHARD IN SUMMER	34
THE BARNYARD	38
THE MEADOW IN AUTUMN	42
THE WOODS IN WINTER	46

BIRD IN THE BUSH



BIRD IN THE BUSH

FOR BOBBIE AND JACK AND GAY FROM LALLIE

Bird in the bush, hush children, hush,
Perhaps it is a woodland thrush.
Bird in the bush, hark children, hark,
Or it may be a meadow lark.

Whatever bird it may chance to be,
Robin or sparrow or chickadee-dee,
One free little bird in the bush is worth
All of the prisoner birds on earth.





THE VERY BEGINNING



One fine Spring day we sat on the garden steps warming our bones and Bobbie said, "Lallie, what about making a book with us in it?"

And I said, "*What* about it?"

"It would be neat," said Bobbie.

"I will, one of these days," I said.

"No," said Gay, "just now, and put a Robin in it. I love Robins."

"And Grandmother's garden and our house," said Jack.

"And the river and the ponds and the woods," said Bobbie.

"Robins have red tummies," said Gay. "I love red."

"But where shall I begin?" I said.

"Just now," said Gay. "Robins eat worms."

"Oh, yes, Lallie, begin it right now," said Bobbie, "and make it last until Christmas. Then we can say, 'This is a book with all four seasons in it.'"

"And with Bobbie and Jack and Gay in it," said Jack.

"And with a Robin in it," said Gay. "I love Robins."

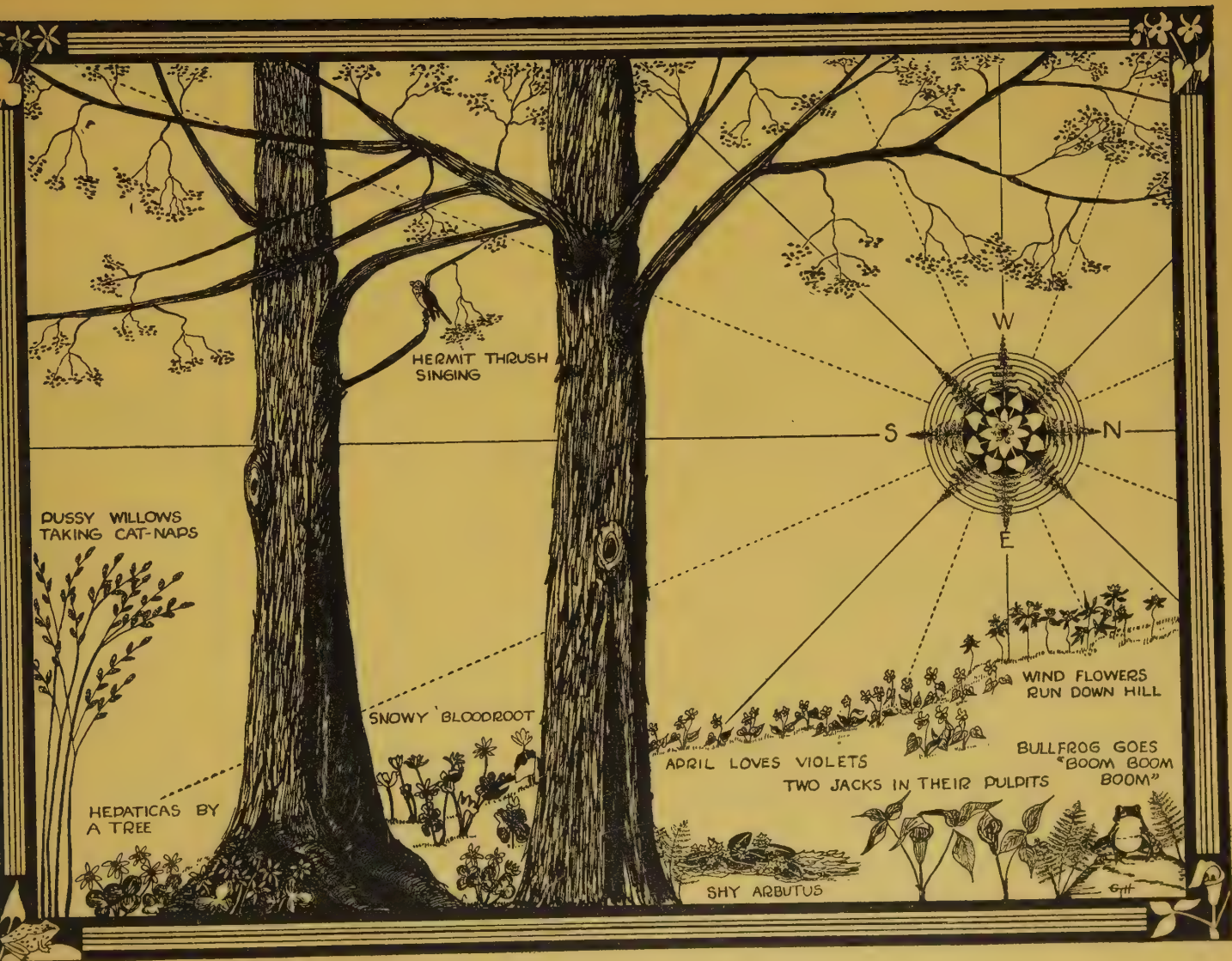
Now the book is finished. Spring and Summer and Fall and Winter are in it; and Bobbie and Jack and Gay are in it; and a Robin is in it. But Gay wants to know where the Mother and the Daddie are; and she puts her finger on the dog and asks, "Where is the kitty-cat?"

She forgot to tell me to put them in. And I forgot to put them in. So they are left out.

BIRD IN THE BUSH



THE WOODS IN SPRING



HERMIT THRUSH
SINGING

DUSSY WILLOWS
TAKING CAT-NAPS

SNOWY 'BLOODROOT

HEPATICAS BY
A TREE

APRIL LOVES VIOLETS

TWO JACKS IN THEIR PULPITS

SHY ARBUTUS

WIND FLOWERS
RUN DOWN HILL

BULLFROG GOES
"BOOM BOOM
BOOM"



THE WOODS IN SPRING



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT SAYS HIS PRAYERS

Dear Lord, I thank thee for the grace
Of morning sunlight on my face;
For April rain to fill my cup,
And little birds to wake me up.

THE WIND AND THE WIND FLOWERS

Old man wind puffs up the hill;
Down to meet him flowers spill.
Old man stops to nod and wink
At his namesakes, small and pink.

BLUE AND PINK HEPATICAS

Sleepy buds in furry hoods
Snuggle in the April woods;
When they waken from their naps
They take off their furry caps.

SONG OF THE HERMIT THRUSH

Like a rocket, hermit thrush's
Silver singing upward rushes.
Up his music rushes high
To break in stars across the sky.



BIRD IN THE BUSH



SNOWY BLOODROOT

When the snow has left the hollows
Snowy bloodroot swiftly follows.
In a leaf she first appears
Muffled snugly to the ears.

SPRING VOICES AT DUSK

Through the blue and purple gloom
Bullfrogs bellow, "Boom, boom, boom!"
Peepers yodel tiny yells
Like the ring of crystal bells.

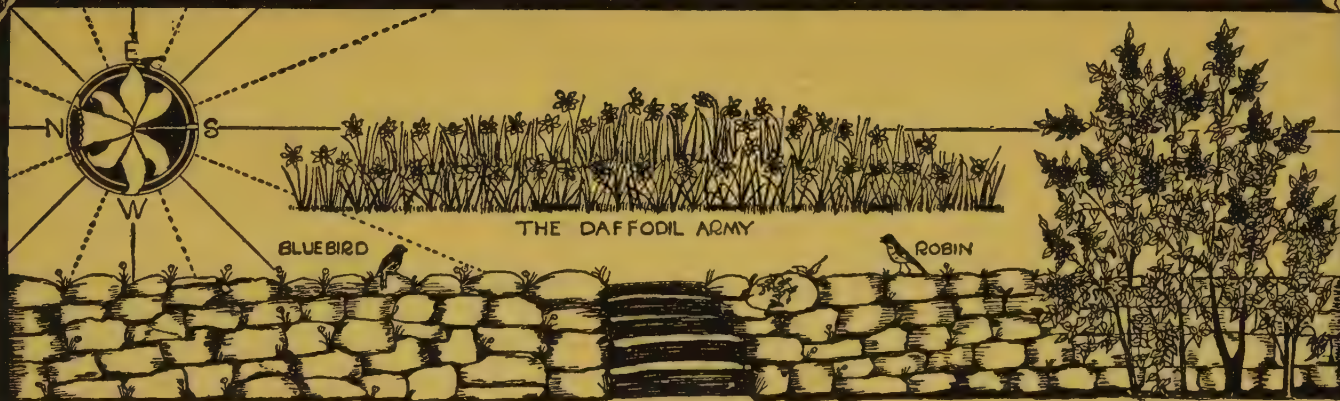
APRIL VIOLETS

Barefoot April lightly trod
Dimpled hollows in the sod.
In each little hole she set
Carefully, a violet.

PUSSY WILLOWS

Little pussies, soft and furry,
Mousey-gray and almost purry,
Up and down the branches run,
Or take cat-naps in the sun.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN IN SPRING



BLUEBIRD

THE DAFFODIL ARMY

ROBIN

FRIENDLY LILACS

GAY IN THE GARDEN



CRINKLY PRIMROSES



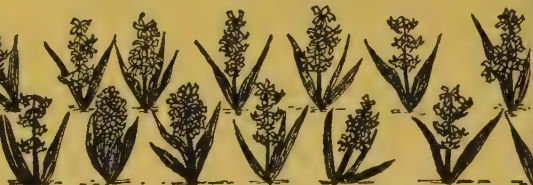
TWO ROWS OF SHINING TULIPS



NODDING SNOWDROPS



PHOEBE
BIRD



HYACINTH BELLS ON THEIR STEEPLES



SCILLAS ARE VERY BLUE

THE SPARROW



WELCOME CROCUSES

G#



GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN IN SPRING



NODDING SNOWDROP

Little nodding snowdrop stands
With her head on folded hands
Peering through the cracks between
At her gown of Easter green.

THE FASHIONABLE SCILLAS

April blue trips up and spills
All her blueness down the hills.
Scillas wear it with a smile
Thinking blue is all the style.

SHINING TULIPS

Shining row on shining row,
That is how the tulips grow.
All the sunlight they can hold
Brims their cups of red and gold.

FRAGRANT HYACINTHS

People passing sniff the smells
Of a steeple full of bells.
Rosy bells nod at the people
From the tip-top of the steeple.



BIRD IN THE BUSH

RED AND BLUE

"I like blue," the bluebird said.
Cried the robin, "I like red."
Back and forth the chatter flew,
"I like red," and "I like blue."

YELLOW PRIMROSE

Yellow primrose holds in place
Crumpled leaves about her face;
She must be a sleepy-head
To require so large a bed.

THE DAFFODIL ARMY

Like an army, rank by rank,
The daffodils charge up the bank.
Rank by rank the troop advances
Bright with banners and with lances.

PHOEBE BIRD WELCOMES THE CROCUS

Sparrow grumbled to the crocus,
"What is all this hocus-pocus?"
Crocus said, "It is a Phoebe
Saying he is glad to see me."

THE BIG POND





THE BIG POND



MUD TURTLES

On the rock the turtles get
When they are tired of being wet.
Back into the pond they slide
When they are tired of being dried.

WEeping WILLOWS

Willow branches ripple down
To the water cool and brown
Like Rapunzel's golden hair
Falling down to make a stair.

THE ANCIENT BASS

Long and black and swift and narrow
As the shadow of an arrow,
Back and forth the old bass shoots
Down among the lily roots.

HEADS AND TAILS

Ducks are diving for their supper;
Heads are down and tails are upper.
When they find a juicy bit
Heads go up to swallow it.



BIRD IN THE BUSH



THE LAZY PERCH

In the shadow of a birch
Lurks a fat and yellow perch,
Yawns and casts a lazy look
At the line and baited hook.

PICTURE STORIES

Where the earth and water meet
Lie the prints of tiny feet;
Little stories without words
Of the animals and birds.

SNAKES AND SNAILS

Through the grasses tall and slim
All about the water's rim,
Lie the slimy secret trails
Of the water-snakes and snails.

THE SUNFISH AT HOME

Floor of pebbles smooth and brown
Where the sun comes striking down,
Flicker of a golden fin,
And you know the fish is in.

THE LANE IN JUNE





THE LANE IN JUNE

THE PROUD TOAD

I often see a puffy toad
Squatting proudly in the road.
He never sees a passer-by
Unless it is a juicy fly.

RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

Red-winged blackbird takes the air
Very spruce and debonnaire,
And he flaunts to all beholders
Scarlet feathers on his shoulders.

STONE-WALL APARTMENTS

Clematis and ivy sprawl
Over miles of stony wall
Making curtains for the flats
Of the chipmunks and the rats.

WILD ROSE

Wind across the highway blows
Dust on Cinderella Rose
Humbly waiting in the grass
For the fairy prince to pass.



BIRD IN THE BUSH

WILD STRAWBERRIES

Green and waving grasses hide
Secrets growing down inside;
Little secrets red and wild
Waiting for a hungry child.

THE WISE CROW

In the morning very early
When the fog is thick and pearly,
“Caw, caw, caw,” the wise old crow
Makes his raucous fog-horn blow.

FLASHING ORIOLES

Orioles, like little flames,
Play at tag and other games,
Leaping lower, leaping higher,
Little flames without a fire.

SQUIRREL'S TAIL

Squirrel thinks that it is fitting
To unfurl his sail while sitting;
When he runs his lofty sail
Looks exactly like a tail.

THE MEADOW IN SUMMER



THE LAZY
BUTTERFLIES

THE COW EATS BUTTER-
CUPS AND CLOVER

BOBOLINK SINGING

DAISIES CAN
TELL FORTUNES

THE PLACE WHERE
FOUR-LEAF-CLOVERS
GROW IS A SECRET

JACK LIKES BUTTER



SPIDER
SLEEPING
IN HIS WEB

GRASSHOPPER
HOP-O-THE-
GRASSES

MINT GROWS BY THE BROOK

G4



THE MEADOW IN SUMMER



THE PLEASANT COW

The moo cow is a mammal NOT
As haughty as a camel, NOR
As naughty as a cannibal,
BUT just a pleasant animal.

A MEADOW SECRET

Red and white and yellow clover
In the meadow grows all over,
But there is a special side
Where the four-leaf-clovers hide.

THE DAISY FORTUNE-TELLER

“Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant chief—”
Daisy tells me that my fate
Is a thief and children eight.

THE VIGILANT SPIDER

Spider spins his silky trap,
And in the center takes a nap.
He can sleep with half his eyes,
And with the others watch for flies.



BIRD IN THE BUSH

SPICY MINT

Spicy mint grows in a crook
Of the little laughing brook.
Pick it and the odor lingers
All day long upon your fingers.

SONG OF THE BOBOLINK

Just before your singing ceases,
Bobolink, you go to pieces.
Though you sing a tune at first,
At the end you simply burst.

THE LAZY BUTTERFLIES

Two white butterflies felt lazy,
So they sat upon a daisy.
After folding up their wings,
There they sat, the lazy things!

GRASSHOPPER HOP-O-THE-GRASSES

Grasshopper, grasshopper, hop-o-the-grasses,
I caught you because you can give me molasses.
Grasshopper, give some molasses to me,
And grasshopper, grasshopper, you shall go free.

**GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN
IN SUMMER**



HOLLYHOCK FLOWERS
HAVE PINK RUFFLES

HUMMINGBIRD VISITS
THE LILIES

FOUR O'CLOCKS TELL
TIME FOR THE FLOWERS

ROBIN REDBREAST
HAS FOUND A WORM

THE SLEEPY ROSES

PANSIES HAVE SMILING FACES

PINKS SMELL PINK

THE TOOTHLESS
SNAPDRAGONS

BUTTERFLIES AND BIRDS
REST ON THE SUNDIAL

JACK DECIDES NOT TO
PICK THE MARIGOLD

G.H.



GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN IN SUMMER



THE PRIM MARIGOLD

Marigold set in the border
Always keeps herself in order.
Maybe picking her will grieve her
So I think that I will leave her.

ROBIN IN THE GARDEN

When a Robin cocks his head
Sideways in the flower-bed,
He can hear the tiny sound
Of a worm beneath the ground.

THE WRITING ON THE SUN-DIAL

Butterflies may light upon me,
Birds may stay their flight upon me,
But the shadow on my face
Never finds a resting place.

THE SMILING PANSY

Pansy yellow is as cheery
As the yellow of a veery;
And the smile on pansy's face
Matches one she had from Grace.



BIRD IN THE BUSH

THE FRILLY HOLLYHOCKS

Pretty pink and starchy frocks
Hang upon the hollyhocks
Like the dresses Gay wears Sunday
Hanging in the closet Monday.

THE FICKLE BUTTERFLY

Funny little orange scrap
Does not seem to care a rap
Whether it decides to settle
On a pansy or a nettle.

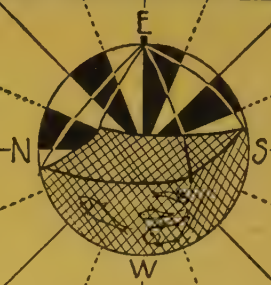
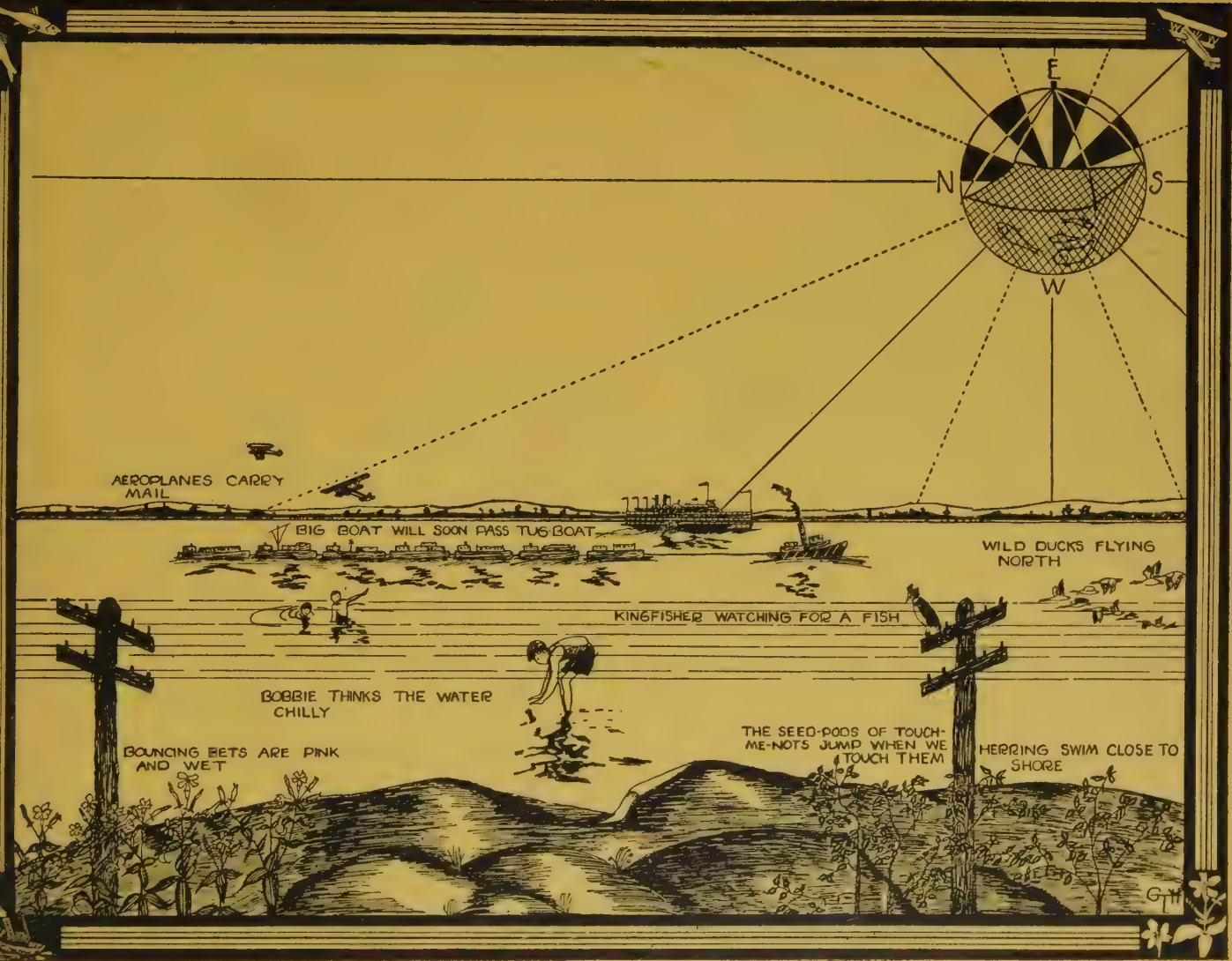
THE SLEEPY ROSES

All day long the roses choose
To sit upon a bush and snooze.
Tickle of admiring noses
Does not wake the sleepy roses.

TO A SNAPDRAGON

Though you have so fierce a name,
Really you are very tame,
For a dragon to be ruthless
Should not be completely toothless.

THE WIDE RIVER



AEROPLANES CARRY
MAIL

BIG BOAT WILL SOON PASS TUG-BOAT

WILD DUCKS FLYING
NORTH

KINGFISHER WATCHING FOR A FISH

BOBBIE THINKS THE WATER
CHILLY

BOUNCING BETS ARE PINK
AND WET

THE SEED-PODS OF TOUCH-
ME-NOTS JUMP WHEN WE
TOUCH THEM

HERRING SWIM CLOSE TO
SHORE

GTH



THE WIDE RIVER



THE FOOLISH HERRING

Close to shore and greatly daring
Swim the foolish bony herring.
Lift your net and with a swish
Empty it of foolish fish.

THE ACROBATIC KINGFISHER

Mighty of beak and quick of wits,
Kingfisher by the river sits
Waiting for the telltale bubble
That will get a fish in trouble.

BIG BOAT AND LITTLE BOAT

Big boat, shiny white and fair,
Passes tug-boat, nose in air.
Big boat sails along the proudest
But the tug can blow the loudest.

WILD GEESE

High above the river's edge
Geese are flying in a wedge.
Down they swoop to teeter tauter
On the smooth and shining water.



BIRD IN THE BUSH

SWIMMING

On the hottest day we shiver
When we plunge into the river.
As we swim we think it silly
That we called the water chilly.

BOUNCING BET

Bet is bouncing in the rain
Up and down the river lane.
She is pink and she is wet,
And she is pretty Bouncing Bet.

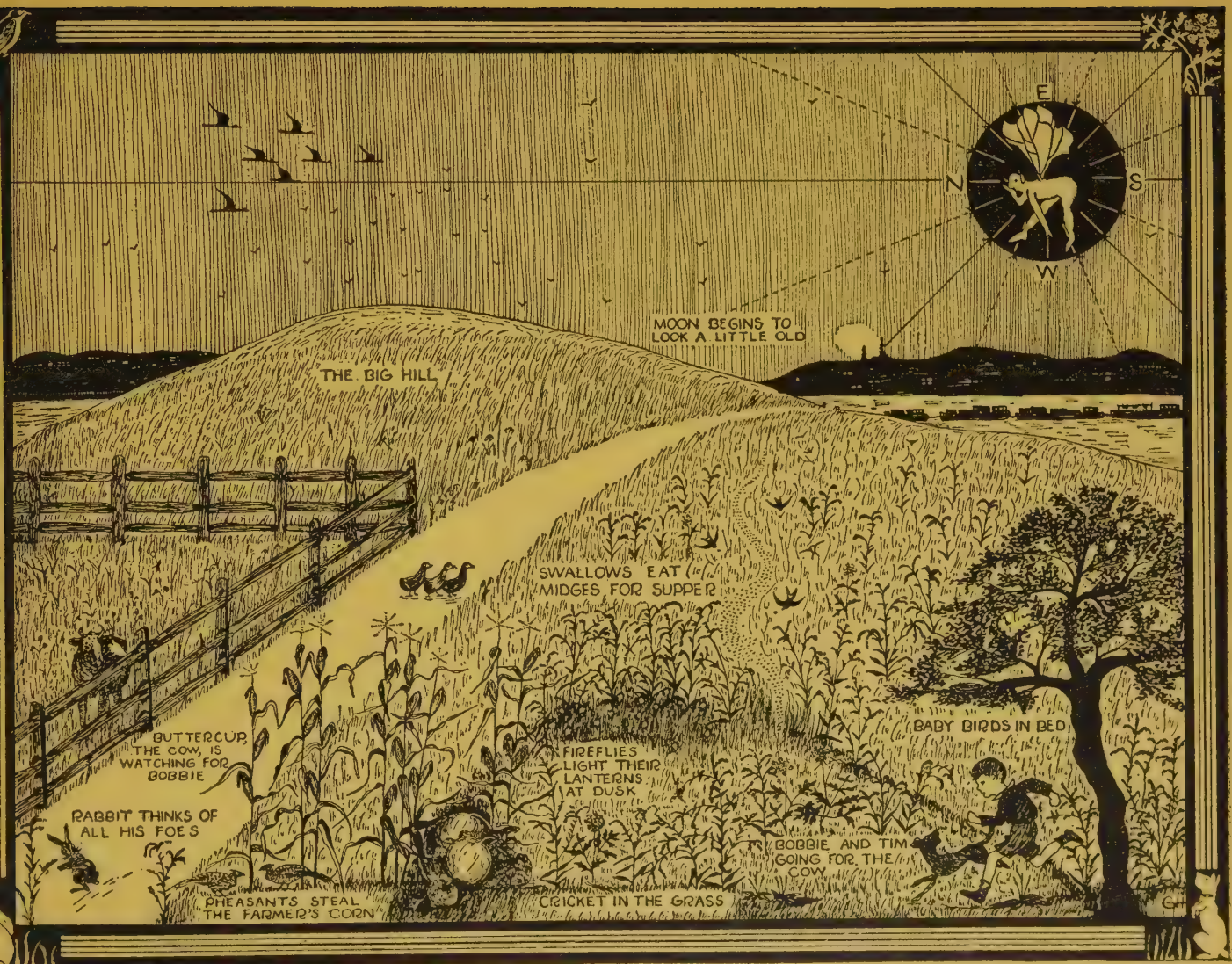
TOUCH-ME-NOT

I shall touch you, touch-me-not,
In a very tender spot.
When I touch the pods you plump up,
Up they jump like Johnny-Jump-Up.

ACROSS THE RIVER

Over the river a bear and a fox
Live in a lair they have made in the rocks,
We lie in our beds in the shadowy dark,
And we hear the bear prowls and we hear the
fox bark.

CROSS - LOTS AT DUSK



MOON BEGINS TO
LOOK A LITTLE OLD

THE BIG HILL

SWALLOWS EAT
MIDGES FOR SUPPER

BUTTERCUP
THE COW, IS
WATCHING FOR
BOBBIE

RABBIT THINKS OF
ALL HIS FOES

PHEASANTS STEAL
THE FARMER'S CORN

FIREFLIES
LIGHT THEIR
LANTERNS
AT DUSK

CRICKET IN THE GRASS

BOBBIE AND TIM
GOING FOR THE
COW

BABY BIRDS IN BED



CROSS - LOTS AT DUSK

THE FIDDLELING CRICKET

Cricket puts himself in tune
Just about the first of June.
You can hear his squeaky fiddle
Trying high and low and middle.

ON THE HILL

On the hill my eyes can follow
Flying goose and dipping swallow,
And the river slipping down
To the noisy far-off town.

THE DOG AND THE CAT

In the house I have a cat
To cuddle up and feed and pat,
But out of doors, where I am free,
I have a dog to follow me.

SLEEPY BIRDS

Baby birds have gone to bed
In the branches overhead.
If you hear a tiny cheep,
One is talking in his sleep.



BIRD IN THE BUSH

CANNY PHEASANTS

Canny pheasants take to cover
Till the hunting days are over,
Then they swagger out again
And boldly steal the farmer's grain.

CLEVER FIREFLIES

Clever fireflies, when they flit,
Always have their lanterns lit,
And they talk together nights
With the wig-wag of their lights.

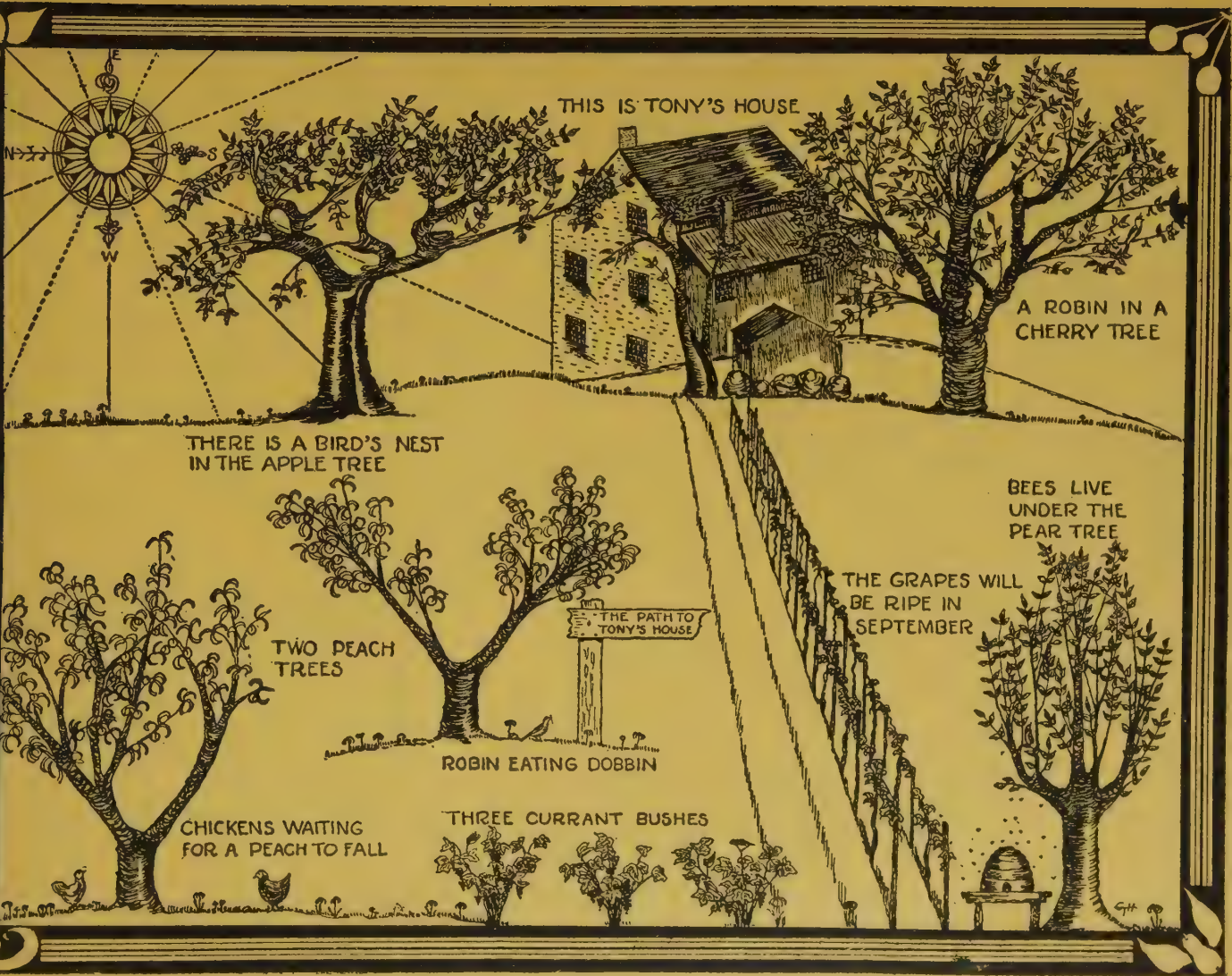
THE TIMID RABBIT

Skippy-hop the rabbit goes
Until he thinks of all his foes,
Then he stops and sniffs his nose
And hops away on tippy-toes.

THE WANING MOON

Moon goes walking like a lady
Just a little bit old-maidy.
Says the lady, "Pretty soon
I shall be a baby moon."

THE ORCHARD IN SUMMER



THIS IS TONY'S HOUSE

A ROBIN IN A
CHERRY TREE

THERE IS A BIRD'S NEST
IN THE APPLE TREE

BEES LIVE
UNDER THE
PEAR TREE

TWO PEACH
TREES

THE GRAPES WILL
BE RIPE IN
SEPTEMBER

THE PATH TO
TONY'S HOUSE

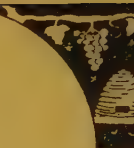
ROBIN EATING DOBBIN

CHICKENS WAITING
FOR A PEACH TO FALL

THREE CURRANT BUSHES



THE ORCHARD IN SUMMER



THE COMFORTABLE APPLE TREES

Apple trees are made to sing in,
Climb and sit and read and swing in.
Apple trees are made to rest in,
And for happy birds to nest in.

RED CURRANTS

Currants are as red and jolly
As the berries of the holly.
Currant jelly is the best
Jelly for a welcome guest.

THE ROSY PEACHES

On the tree the rosy peaches
Hang above the chickens' reaches.
Peaches fallen in the dirt
Chickens gobble for dessert.

ROBIN AND THE WORM

Once a Robin caught a worm
With the name of Dobbin Squirm.
"Let me go," said squirmy Dobbin.
"No, no, no indeed!" said Robin.



BIRD IN THE BUSH

ROBINS IN THE CHERRY TREE

Robins think a cherry tree
Is a pleasant place to be,
And that cherries to the stem
Have been fastened, just for them.

INDUSTRIOUS TONY

Tony hoes and weeds and digs,
And milks the cow and feeds the pigs.
Tony has a dog to bark
About his house when it is dark.

B W 400117

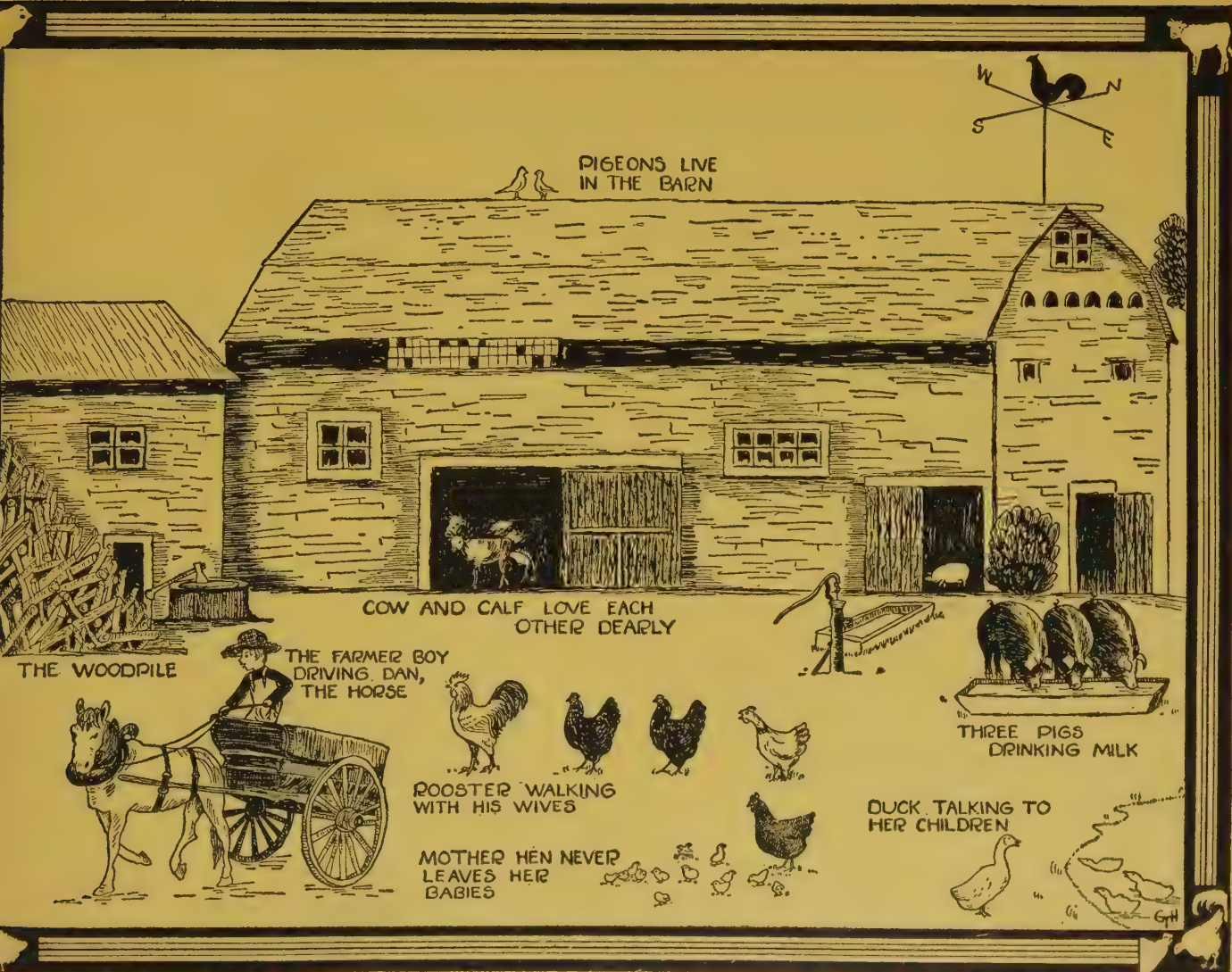
HONEY BEES AT WORK

In the spring the honey bees
Go to work in apple trees,
And their pay, instead of money,
Is a pocketful of honey.

THE PURPLE GRAPES

Grapes and leaves together twine
On the black and gnarly vine.
Grapes and leaves together blent
Have a warm and lovely scent.

THE BARNYARD



PIGEONS LIVE
IN THE BARN

COW AND CALF LOVE EACH
OTHER DEARLY

THREE PIGS
DRINKING MILK

ROOSTER WALKING
WITH HIS WIVES

MOTHER HEN NEVER
LEAVES HER
BABIES

DUCK TALKING TO
HER CHILDREN

THE WOODPILE

THE FARMER BOY
DRIVING DAN,
THE HORSE



THE BARNYARD

LITTLE PIGS

Little pigs with ears of silk
Like to take a drink of milk.
Drinking milk will quickly fatten
Little pigs with skins of satin.

THE FORTUNATE DUCK

“Quack, quack, quack,” said Mother Duck,
“I have had a bit of luck.
While exploring in the thicket,
I pecked up a juicy cricket.”

THE LORDLY ROOSTER

Up and down the rooster stalks
Followed by admiring squawks.
He is handsome, he is splendid,
By his wives he is attended.

THE TALL WOODPILE

Brawny Tony hews and hacks
Fallen trees with shiny axe,
Making maple, ash, and oak
Ready to go up in smoke.



BIRD IN THE BUSH

THE HANDY FARMER BOY

Farmer boy is quick and handy,
And his jack-knife is a dandy.
With it he can carve and whittle
Wooden playthings, big and little.

THE MOTHER HEN

Henny Penny closely sticks
To her downy baby chicks.
If she could not hear them calling,
She would think the sky was falling.

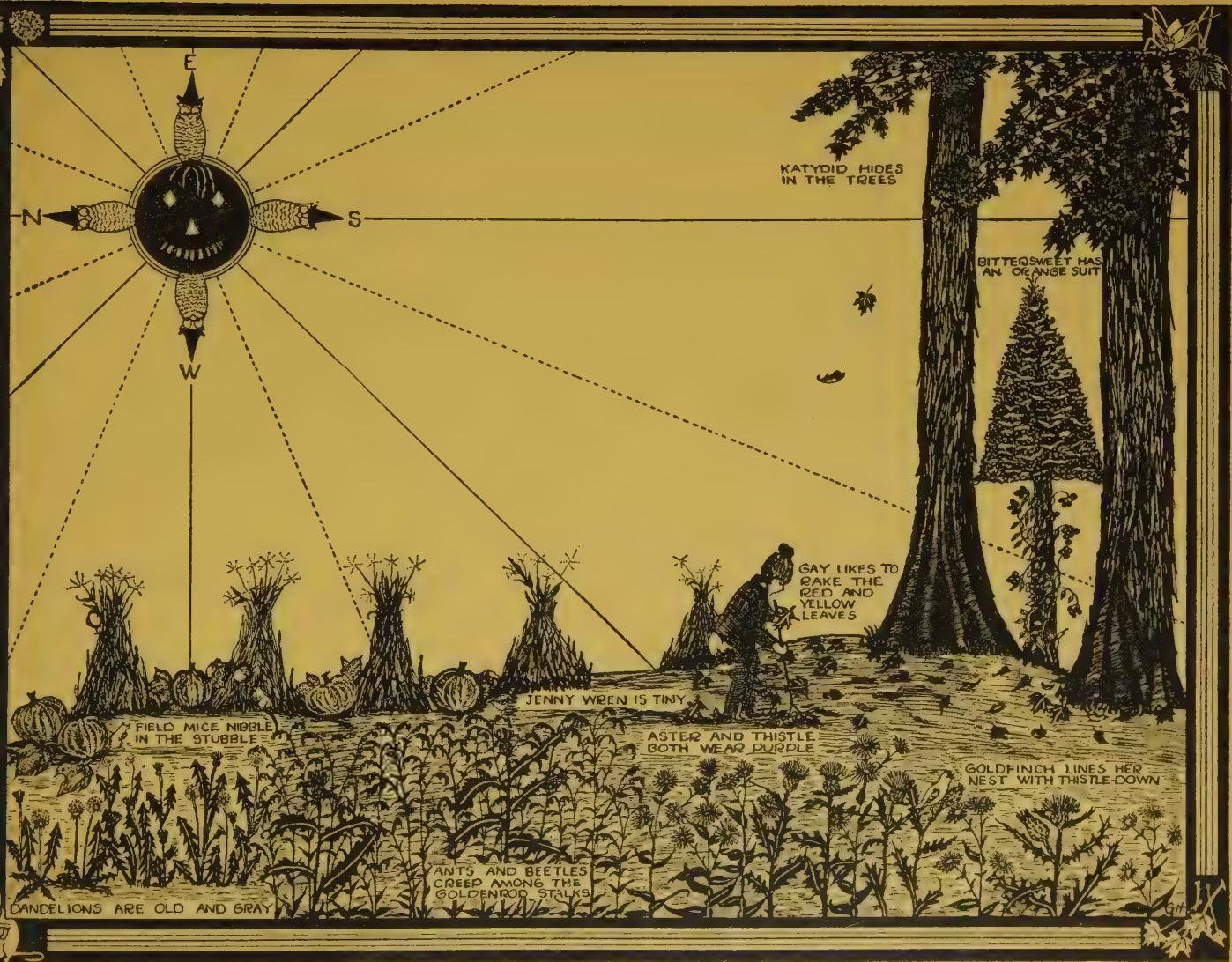
THE COW AND THE CALF

Little calf and Mother Mooley
Love each other very truly.
If you take away her calf,
Mooley's heart will break in half.

THE INTELLIGENT HORSE

Dan the horse is always ready
To be kind and to be steady.
And he always seems to know
Go is "Giddap," stop is "Whoa!"

THE MEADOW IN AUTUMN



KATYDID HIDES
IN THE TREES

BITTERSWEET HAS
AN ORANGE SUIT

GAY LIKES TO
BAKE THE
CEDAR
AND
YELLOW
LEAVES

JENNY WREN IS TINY

FIELD MICE NIBBLE
IN THE STUBBLE

ASTER AND THISTLE
BOTH WEAR PURPLE

GOLDFINCH LINES HER
NEST WITH THISTLE-DOWN

ANTS AND BEETLES
CREEP AMONG THE
GOLDENROD STALKS

DANDELIONS ARE OLD AND GRAY



THE MEADOW IN AUTUMN



THE BOASTFUL THISTLE

Thistle said to purple aster,
"Of the meadow I am master."
Aster tossed her curly head.
"You are just a weed," she said.

PIGMY WOODS

Slender stalks of goldenrod
Rising high above the sod
Make a forest dark and deep
Where the ants and beetles creep.

GRAY-HEADED DANDELION

Dandelion, pale and needy,
Growing old and feeling seedy,
Braggs about the cap of gold
That he wore in days of old.

JACK FROST PLAYS A JOKE

Bittersweet hides scarlet fruit
Buttoned in his orange suit,
But the frost who loves to jest
Bursts the buttons of his vest.



BIRD IN THE BUSH



THE GOLDFINCH

This is what the goldfinch whistles
As she hops among the thistles:
“If you have a nest to line
Thistledown is very fine.”

KATYDID SAYS SHE DIDN'T

If you didn't, Katydid,
Why are you so safely hid?
If you didn't, tell me please,
Why you hide yourself in trees,

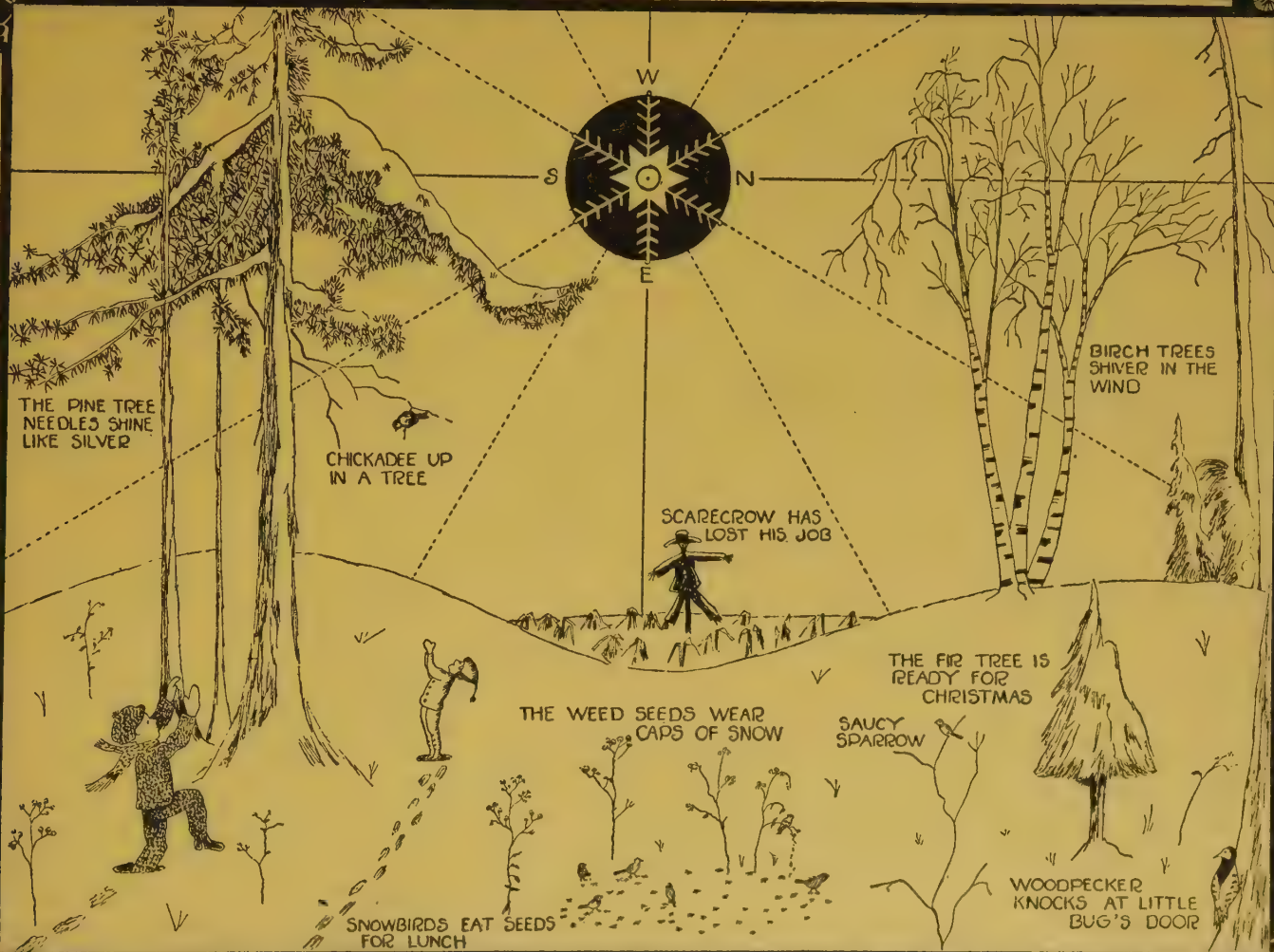
THE TIMID FIELD MOUSE

Nibble, nibble, in the stubble,
Field mouse cocks his ear for trouble.
At the very faintest rustle
Off he scampers, hustle, bustle.

JENNY WREN'S BIG VOICE

Jenny Wren, your singing fits
Seem to shake you all to bits,
For your song is bigger far
Than the tiny size you are.

THE WOODS IN WINTER



THE PINE TREE
NEEDLES SHINE
LIKE SILVER

CHICKADEE UP
IN A TREE

SCARECROW HAS
LOST HIS JOB

BIRCH TREES
SHIVER IN THE
WIND

THE FIR TREE IS
READY FOR
CHRISTMAS

THE WEED SEEDS WEAR
CAPS OF SNOW

SAUCY
SPARROW

SNOWBIRDS EAT SEEDS
FOR LUNCH

WOODPECKER
KNOCKS AT LITTLE
BUG'S DOOR



THE WOODS IN WINTER



THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Chilly winds of winter stir
Branches of the little fir,
But on Christmas it will bloom
In a warm and lighted room.

CHICKADEE UP A TREE

Chickadee, where can you be,
Singing, "Chickadee-dee-dee"?
"I am not so hard to see, sir;
Look above you in the tree, sir."

THE PLAY-ACTING SPARROW

Sparrow swaggers through the wood
Playing he is Robin Hood;
But he has no bow and arrow
So we know he is a sparrow.

THE UNEMPLOYED SCARECROW

Scarecrow flutters all forlorn
In the stubble of the corn.
When we cut the corn we rob
Poor old scarecrow of his job.



BIRD IN THE BUSH



WOODPECKER IN DISGUISE

Woodpecker taps at the apple tree.
"Little bug, open your door," says he.
Little bug says, "Who is it, sir?"
Woodpecker says, "The carpenter."

HUNGRY SNOWBIRDS

Snowbirds hop among the weeds
Shaking down the yellow seeds;
Back and forth and to and fro
Run their tracks upon the snow.

THE SHINING PINE TREE

Snow and ice together shine
On the needles of the pine.
Looking up we seem to be
Underneath a silver tree.

THE SHIVERING BIRCHES

In the cold and stormy weather
Birches huddle close together.
They look very white and frozen
For their branches have no clothes on.

